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The
STEP LADDER

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The great leading distinction between writing and speaking is, that more time is allowed for the one than the other, and hence different faculties are required for, and different objects attained by each. He is properly the best speaker who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning; he is properly the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quantity of valuable knowledge in the course of his whole life. The chief requisite for the one, then, appears to be quickness and facility of perception — for the other, patience of soul and a power increasing with the difficulties it has to master.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *On the Differences Between Writing and Speaking*

VOL. 41, NO. 1 SUMMER 1957 GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

Annie P. Thomas
Hopkins Apartments
3100 St. Paul Street
Baltimore 18, Maryland

SUMMER NIGHT — NEW YORK

Some wings, tradition-hatched by girder's eaves,
for cradled birth, no leaves, but bits of trash,
rewarding challenged rescue from the city's ash:
Sophisticates — who dine, pre-cooked —
curb-served — at "Pierre"—
if luck — crumbs, (one-timed) sauced, "Parmentiere":
Inured to moil, and pother — soot and grime —
Policeman's whistle, or the siren's whine:
When suns crowd down behind the piles
of summer-hot, roof-jagged tiles,
neglected city moons, set free
play solitaire, from ennui —
or, wearying of vacant lots,
will hide and seek with chimney-pots.

"Small-Towners." now emerge — hotel impressed —
low-necked, white-tied, and over-dressed —
high time to perch on aerial,
meet the evening news — and "so to sleep"
above a blackening street:

How alien, other wings, that shadow wheat!

Colby Cleveland
277 West 261st Street
New York 71, New York

THE DREAM AND THE DISSOLUTION

Always I dream when I sleep
And am content that it is so
For a dreamless sleep is a blank
Something subtracted from life . . .
And experience teaches defense
Against the standard horrors
Where leaden foot from fleet pursuer toils
Or nightmare reptiles lurk in waiting coils.

Long have I learned to recognize
The lurid, weird or terror-filled
As dreams; and to enjoy them
In the state of once-removed
Participation one brings
To fiction, cinema or stage.
Still there are dreams which make my blood congeal
The simple dreams — the quiet ones — the real.

What, for example, could be more
Innocent a setting than
My own kitchen? If I wash
Dishes, how do I know I dream?
And if my two-year-old daughter
Is underfoot, is that odd?
Feeling her tug at the hem of my dress
Is the very keystone of usualness.

So ordinary is the scene
So unremarkable the mood
I scarcely note the sudden
Appearance of another form.
Tall and slender and sixteen,
She smiles, affectionate and fond;
Of course I know at once that she is mine . . .
So why this creeping chill along my spine?

Slowly I sense the tragedy
Full realization seeps
Through the mists of fantasy.
I have only borne one child
The two-year-old whose loving hugs
Made simple tasks impossible.
Where is my baby? The answer is known
But unacceptable. Your child has grown.

Frantic I stoop to gather up
My own and only child whose grasp
Still felt grows faint and fainter yet.
Vain clutching arms thrash empty air . . .
Her vivid face beseeching life
Etches my heart forever
While it is vanishing. Then am I left
Stripped even of the strength of the bereft.

For I must face the stranger
Tall, beautiful — fulfillment
Of the proudest parent's wish,
And altogether loathesome.
Untimely usurpation
Is her unwitting crime and I
Must force myself to smile on her and hide
A vast hysteria somewhere inside.

Choked with unfallen tears I wake
And run to reassure myself
Before the fact of sleeping child.
Touching with yearning hands her small
Unfinished frame I sink again
Into miasma of despair;
Waking, it seems, was only spurious relief;
The dream — quick agony. The fact? A lingering grief.

DECEMBER 31, 11:59

Now it is finished
The ultimate sands seep slowly through the glass
And time, consumed so recklessly all year,
Achieves a sad significance;
The minutes mount in value as they pass.

Bright resolutions,
Made, it appears, to honor in the breach,
Are suddenly recalled. Hope kindled dreams . . .
Normal, of course, at any birth,
Which as the year grew up, slipped out of reach.

Still, I salute you,
Newborn! Conceived, like most of us, in hope,
Born to a world of pain and compromise,
All things in you are possible
For youth presents a bright unblemished scope.

WITHOUT APOLOGY

"A garden is a lovesome thing"?
O what
An unforgettable misrepresentation!
Rather a vicious universe
Where plot
Two worlds for one another's annihilation.

Man gardens seeking beauty, or
To eat;
And neither motive is in questionable taste.
Success means unconditional
Defeat . . .
Weeds, woodchucks, rabbits, deer and insects — all laid waste.

MORNING HYMN

The morning mists burn off; perspective brings
Warm golden candor back
To flood the forests and the fields of Maine.

Purple appears, and blue, where all was black,
Soft hilly greens, and soon
Mountains emerge; each craggy rock stands plain.

Night long across the lake the shriek of loon
Wove manic tortured dreams
Which vanish like the memory of pain.

Lithe silver birches dance and joyous beams
Of sunlight leap for joy.
The pungent breath of pines stirs rippling lakes
Life is triumphant here . . . when Maine awakes.

Frances Angevine Gray
345 Yarmouth Road
Rochester 10, New York

BLUE WINDOWS

At Chartres Cathedral, sitting in a pew,
We watched the multi-colored light sift through
Those storied panes. The robes the Virgin wore
Were bluer than all blues we had known before.

And, sitting there, I felt to my surprise
A rush of sudden tears sting my eyes.
Thinking, "I must be tireder than I knew",
I blinked them back and turned to look at you.

But you were starting blindly for the door.
"Let's go," you breathed. "I can't stand any more."
So we fled color too intense and rare
And beauty, all at once too sharp to bear.

Myla Jo Closser
224 West Tulpehocken Street
Philadelphia 44, Pennsylvania

HANDS

When I was small I watched my mother's hands
twining my sister's curls about her finger
or braiding the black hair of her second-born,
skilful white hands that plainly loved to linger
upon this task, but had no time to spare.
I watched those supple hands knead down the dough
or trim the apple pie . . . a few years on,
trimming my Sunday dress for school affair.
The hands grew brown and somewhat rough and worn;
often I laid my youth-fresh hand beside them
and wondered at the contrast. A day came
when click of knitting was the only tune
old hands could play to do their eager share.
We never told her of the stitches dropped,
but mended all and shipped them overseas . . .
The hands are quiet now; tired refugees
exiled to rest. Yet still, on looking down,
I seem to see my mother's hands again,
blue-veined and corded — but they are my own.

ANACHRONISM

Clop, clop, clop in the morning street,
small children early out, aburst
with spirits, ran and shouted "Whoa!"
(This was the only one they ever saw;
for a newcomer perhaps he was the first.)
But the clopper knew when to stop and when to go.
As the bottle-clinking man appeared
the great white monster tilted his ears
forward, and stood still, delicately crossing
his forefeet — surviving manner of old circus days,
with the sawdust ring soft under hoof
and the pyramided canvas for a roof.
Past him the many-horse-powered motors raced.
He was but one.
Sedately unaware, he moved into oblivion.

Bonnie E. Parker
11551 Roxbury
Detroit 24, Michigan

RIVERS OF WIND

Cut through the tide of wind —
The wind flows back
In shifting spray of green,
In splash of blue.
Down to the marrow, thinned
And sunfire black,
The wind comes, drenched with keen
Coldness, as seas do.
And through and through
The desert-self, undisciplined
Riotous rivers of wind
Wash loud as thunder-crack
And clean, clean!

CONSEQUENCE

Never again look eastward to the dawn,
Then turn to see the nearer dawn in eyes
That laugh with love across the space between
A heart and heart? Always this gaunt surprise,
After accustomed turning, to behold
The thin stark emptiness that fills the space
Once blessed with gladness when the morning belled
Its carillon of sun and limned a face
Dark as a flame of beauty? Morning comes
Singing as always . . . but her bell-notes mar
The hour with discord, echoing through rooms
Lacking the face that once was morning's star.
Lacking the reason for her golden laughter,
Morning is shamed, and day comes stumbling after.

Douglas R. Empringham
1050 Fell Street
San Francisco, California

DAWN ON THE WINDOW

"Dawn is on my window and a morning of full light will follow." Darryl lightly traced with his finger the streaks, blots and dried streams of paint on his palette. It had once been his braille — his guide to light.

His slender, soft fingers had doubts and hesitations. "Where is the force. Where?" He looked about his maple furnished and fully carpeted study. "The 14 karat floating dial clock is me — suspended. The Cezanne and Renoir are me — copies mounted as originals. I wear those Italian drapes to cover my commonplace domesticity. That teakwood shadow box as blinkers. Where was my direction before? Heaven? . . . paradise? . . . no! They sound too flat and commercial. But I will find it because there is a dawn on my window and I shall paint in the day that follows. Paint as I never knew how when I was in Greenwich Village. These ten years in advertising haven't changed a thing. In fact I've improved. I'm seasoned now; tempered with maturity.

"If I had felt like this before no Lee Wantano would have made me believe that I was a coward playing at artistic idealism. No girl named Marge would have talked me out of serious painting and into marriage, advertising, and a Connecticut country house easily-accessible-to-New-York-City.

"I'll paint. As God is my witness I'll paint. The joke is that Marge did it. Marge with her New York dinner party to celebrate my sketches winning the face powder account. And Lee showing up to tell me he was doing free lance greeting card work.

"They're done, the two of them, lost in the abyss of commercialism. Wait. Wait till they see this canvas. Nothing will stop me now. She'll be in the city all day with friends. That's enough time. No sketches, no preliminaries, straight to the canvas and I'll be done by evening. I'll do a month's work in a day."

The day and the night had passed. Marge sat in bed, arms folded on her drawn up knees, watching the clock on the lighted night stand, then the early Sunday morning outside her window.

She had not seen Darryl since the dinner party. He'd acted a little peculiar, but it was natural to be a bit nervous when you are being feted. She had spent Saturday with friends and he hadn't called to tell her what his plans were. Last night when she came home there was no Darryl, no note, no anything!

Marge went over and over what she remembered of the dinner party events and day that followed and grew more irritated and anxious with each reiteration.

"Darryl should be pleased now. Every doubt he had had about giving up serious painting was caused by a memory flash from his days with Lee Wantano — his ideal working artist. Now Lee had

given it up and was doing well with his cards. If any of the old cord existed, it should have been broken.

"Maybe he went off with someone from the agency and neglected to tell me — he is forgetful at times! No! I'll bet there's a note in the study — I didn't look there last night. One is probably lying on the desk and I've worried over nothing!"

Marge put out the night light and got out of bed. After a pause for slippers and dressing gown, she walked noiselessly down the dim hall to the study door.

The room faced eastward and was bright with the early morning light. Only shadowed bits of night in corners and behind furniture told that the day had not fully arrived.

Marge started for a moment when she saw Darryl, and held her hand before her mouth as she approached the couch on which he lay. In disbelief she was seeing him as she had tried to imagine his looking in his former life. Before her was a man, naked except for ruffled trousers rolled to below the knees, with paint on his hands, forearms, and in smudges on his face. Palette, knife, paintbox, and soiled paint rags lay on the carpet. The easel was turned toward the light.

The image had an unwonted validity. Darryl had often told her, jokingly, of his work habits as a painter, but she was never really able to envision it.

The realization took hold and she dropped her hand in final recognition that the man on the couch was her husband.

Her interest then turned to the painting. At first it seemed incongruous; then she almost laughed; then a fathomless pity spurted over her.

It was a bright canvas —"Darryl always had a flair for color." There was no central or dominant form. The forms — in little clusters and carefully cubed — were of powder puffs, lipstick tubes, perfume bottles — a cubed composite of all the ads that Darryl had ever done.

Her eyes went over it many times before she looked again at the sleeping man. Then she sat down on the floor next to the couch to wait. The room was bright for there was a dawn on the window.

Bernice Ames
12223 Dunoon Lane
Los Angeles 49, California

AT THE FAR EDGE OF SLEEP

Was it a dream
that slid shiny fingers of rain
across your eyelids
wedging the drowsy moment
of wind over sand dunes
with bleeding hearts from the Elm street garden?

Was it a dream
that billowed in fog shape
first at your ankles
misting all movement, blurring all memory
in a snarl of forgotten desires,
bulging, looming close at your throat
then wisping away like the purple of evening
like water mirage on a steamy macadam?

Was it a dream
that, snagged by your turning,
splintered and jabbed in a lightning twist
pushing you nearer the precipice
where a blue-breath view yawned suddenly
and the path fell away beneath you?

Dream forever tilt
at the far edge of sleep
and all of your thoughts, split-second gathered
near the opalescent rim of reality.

REGIONAL MAP

My land — did they call it my land in the first chronicle
Was my deed recorded in the birth of earth
when frenzied gases were forming you and me?
Blue-veined and fragile these rivers of doubt
that lead from the cave of my heart;
sudden in purple shadows these mountains
lumping up from the green run of things.

No other land dips to the drone of my dreams
smooth as wild honey running from the ladle,
nor cradles fruit trees from the pillage of winds
tipping mercury of water to the right grass roots.

No other land withstands the pull of the seasons
to roughen my spirit of conquest, roam and return
to the scars of taken trees, bubbling with berry blossoms,
to bee-busy pastures blurting clover and daisies
winded by a crow's scraping cry.

Music fables this land
in the apple-sweet winds that tease unbending poplars
as they pin the blush of sundown to the sky's seam
in the sudden shower that brightens green meadows.
in water's sound subtle as sap flowing the maple
in the brook where beavers sharpen their teeth
and herons at dawn brood on the purple stalks of their legs.

Here past a sorrow of conscience,
a grove of windy hope
the road runs casual
holding back the wild terror of loneliness.
Carry no throb of time in your pocket
as you read the legend
and travel this corner of heaven — my land.

Burton C. Frye
Hollyhock House
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

THE DAY I FOUND THE MEDALLION

the end of earth I see; the last of life
we live; the rainbow flame is rising high.
for sake of power's unrelenting strife
the race of men shall perish, all shall die.
while some for land and some for selfish love
and some for dark revenge await their chance,
the tinder quickens and the peaceful dove
is bitten by the serpent's forked lance.

arise, sweet poet, sing the farewell song,
your harp will not be needed very long;
within this hall the baneful poisons brood
which summoned Christ to die upon the rood

and in the cadence of your poised delight
we trust that love will soar beyond the night.

Ross Ridge
1214 South Oxford Road, NE
Atlanta 7, Georgia

MARCUS AURELIUS

His spirit was a grim, ironic smile.
The German sword, his Roman deity,
The kiss of courtesan, the courtier's wile —
All was the same. And all was vanity.
Emotionless he punished and forgave.
The lions were the Christian's last redress.
His wife sought solace with the galley slave.
He did not wince. All life was nothingness.
—What did the Time-god whisper in his ear,
This king who ruled when future faced the past?
And did he shudder at the Time-god's leer
That wisdom, like a kingdom, cannot last?
And did the god reveal, as hell, that peace
And death, the dark dream-mates, are not release?

Grace Noll Smith
607 East 10th Street
Des Moines 16, Iowa

JOHN DONNE

The bud is from the briefest pang of birth,
The rose fulfilling life ere death will come;
And like the rose a man metes out his girth,
Then dies: a day's short length, his sum.
Is death not more immeasureable than life?
Exciting, enigmatic in its doubt
Of man's exalted state, and so more rife
For him to overcome with daring bout?
All day we fight our baser selves and meet
Its threat; its bearding us with powerful force:
A death in life. It may be we defeat
It only when our day has run its course.
How be it! I shall fight it though aware
Of night's approach and give it my last dare!

Ella Elizabeth Preston
1322 East Twelfth Street
Davenport, Iowa

SERENADE

He stood erect upon his tiny stage
Clad in his flawless suit of gray,
Pouring his heart out in rhythm and bravado,
Singing his chorus in comic-sad reproach.

How he loved the spotlight of my Eveready flash!
In the circle of its glory louder and louder he sang,
Puffing out his small breast bravely,
Holding his tiny hands before him
With only a phantom score.

Suddenly, silently, he vanished into the wings
Behind the leaning canvases in my studio.
I lay on my cot grieving for the loss of the pygmy singer —
Caruso Rodentius.

"Hurry," my heart said. "Take the cheese out of the trap.
"One does not guillotine an opera singer."

Christina Rainsford
Katonah, New York

GREY DAYS

I am surfeited with sun in this bright land
With cloudless skies and sharp outlines.
All of me cries out for grey days,
For smell of damp earth and pines
Soaked with rain, for hills
Wrapped in a soft mist,
Low hanging clouds, muted colors,
Slate purple, amethyst,
Rains slipping through leaves
And dancing in a pool,
Thick mosses by a dripping spring
Silvery and cool.

THREE FORKS

Always there was the turbulent water, flowing through dark forests,
Empty prairies. Sweating men pulled heavy boats
Upstream in the shallows, stumbled through underbrush on portage.

Indians harassed — Mandans, Pawnees, Assiniboins;
Winter came, ice-locked, the camp restive from inaction
Waiting for spring. Alone, drugged with weariness, at night

He made maps, wrote reports in his fine scholarly hand —
"Today we reached three forks in the Missouri"—
Meriwether Lewis writing history by the light of a camp fire.

Alfred L. Mooney
22 South 6th Street
Duquesne, Pennsylvania

CYCLES IN BALANCE

Poetry brings
to retentive minds
a quick handclasp of seasons:
it projects
upon drifted snows
a mirage of daffodils,
and its snowlighted fantasy
scatters the sere ices of winter
when sunfall trembles with heat.

Poetry brings
to the pensive heart
a variety of seasons:
the bursting buds of the April
swells in madrigals of love,
the golden grain of harvest
gathers in solemn hymns of praise,
the red leaves of blue October
flutter in lyrics of contentment,
and the bitter dearth of a white December
knells elegies of death.

A singing mind
wears a rainveil of thought
to temper climate with poetry.

Lucia Trent
Box 2032
San Antonio 6, Texas

BEETHOVEN

Hundreds of nimble fingers
Pressed upon vibrant 'cello string and horn,
Dancing on viola and violin,
Resurrect the Titan dreams
He has bequeathed the world.

Like tides battering the shore-line,
Billows of sound hurl his indignations
Against our hearts,
Hurl his agonies
And his soft-breasted interludes of peace,
Born of his intimate breathing,
Born of the turning of his heroic mind.

Hundreds of nimble fingers
Conjure his spirit from the printed score,
Hoist his genius
Upon a crest of sound!

GIANT CACTUS

After the city bloom and blare we taste
The cool, uncomplicated hush of night.
A million star-eyes search the desert night,
The moon inordinately copper-bright.

A giant cactus lifts a thorny spine.
Towering awesomely, it bares its soul.
Here is the desert Buddha, at whose shrine
We pause to hear eternity unroll.

Fanny Ventadour
c/o L. N. Jennings
45 East 55th Street
New York, New York

DEEP SOUTH

Along the levee where the river
murky brown
like hurried morning coffee
hastens down to sea,
there used to be banks of sand
left like dregs throughout the years;

wasted land covered with brush
and willows,
not of the weeping kind but pale
with fears of floods
that rush like malaperts upsetting cups
and cherished plans for spring.

Here the early fogs hang like wet wash
heavily, and eerie the long vowel sounds
from boats
vie with sharp 'e'
and strident 'i' of ferry whistles
and the siren at the beer factory;

bebop harmony of smell, fermented beermash
caramel; a treble running carelessly
on sonorous bass of burning leaves
from bonfires lit like offerings
in front of shacks
along the Texas and Pacific tracks,
while the river,
the murky brown Mississippi river,
hurries down.

Felix Stefanile
P. O. Box 25
Flushing 52, New York

NIGHT SCENE

The tenement stands tall and stark
over the narrow, empty street,
an old fort rising in the dark,
where town and river meet.

Almost like war, the buildings end
in rubble and sagging wall,
whose jagged shade leaps to defend
the back-door from the moon in the hall.

In flakes of color, windows chip
against the iron of the sky,
elucidating a harsh strip
of pavement. Poverty's spy,

the tomcat slinks from door to door,
pausing, nose in air,
as if he hears, within, more war,
and sniffs the profit there.

Silence gives his sense to Night,
the lanky beast whose rest
is not a peace, but truce, whose fight
still quivers in the black, brick breast,

and smolders in the smoky wind,
and turns the dirty tide,
while the policeman walks his round,
with nightstick at his side.

PRAYING MANTIS

Pert paradox, whose green and summer claws
Reflect an attitude akin to prayer,
Artfully scythed to clutch a grasping spouse
Young to your breast, while his feet thrash the air
In frantic waltz, and his flesh fills your feast,
Nomenclature's grim humor suits you least,
Grass Widow. For your prey there is no prayer.

Monsters of childhood mirrored in your face
Amaze the singing meadow. Robots stalk
Near rose and garden-hedge, by Queen-Anne's lace
Tumbling the startled locust to his shroud:
Inert, before your pious preacher's walk,
Slackly, he kneels. You pray. His scream is loud.

Leta M. Edwards
520½ Norris Avenue
McCook, Nebraska

WHAT IS TIME?

Time is a yesterday to those who hold
Their last brief days with frail uncertainty;
Their thoughts mine back through days that used to be,
And every hour is sluiced for bits of gold.

Time is today for multitudes who fill
The busy Now with life's abrupt demands;
Each day is like a ball which outstretched hands
Accept, and bounce with unrelenting skill.

And time is some tomorrow to the young
Who daisy-chain the minutes of the day
Into a link of never-ending play,
With no perturbance when an hour is rung.

Helen Rowe Henze
1114 Fairfax Building
Kansas City 5, Missouri

HORACE — ODE I, 1

Maecenas, atavis edite regibus

Maecenas, from your sires royal so lately sprung,
O protection of mine, glory so sweet to me,
Those there are who enjoy gath'ring Olympic dust,
They take pride in the palm branch which ennobles them,
Lifts them up to the gods, lords of the earth are they;
One is pleased if the mob, fickle still though it be,
Triple honors shall give, fighting to raise him up;
That one wishes to store safe in his waiting barn
Grain swept up from the floor, threshings of Libyan wheat.
One who joyously hoes ancestral plots of ground
You could not by the terms given by Attalus,
Could not ever persuade out on the Myrtoum sea,
Timid, thus far to sail, borne in a Cyprian bark.
As he struggles with wind, billows Icarian,
Fearful, thinking of home, peace is the merchant's dream;
Soon he mends all his boats, boats which were dashed and tossed,
Since he cannot endure poverty, suffering.
One there is who spurns not goblets of Massicum,
Nor to take for himself part of the business day,
Limbs stretched out at his ease under a greening shrub
Or where some sacred stream springs at its fountainhead.
Warlike camps delight some, sound of the trumpet's blare
Mixed with clarion notes, battles which mothers hate.
All night under the sky, patient the hunter waits,
All things else he forgets, even his tender wife,
Hoping deer will be seen soon by his faithful dogs,
Or a Marsian boar burst through the twisted nets.
Learned scholar am I, garlands of ivy leaves
Make me one with the gods, crowning my head and brow.
Cool groves, grace of the nymphs dancing with satyrs there,
These set me far apart, far from the populace,
If Euterpe her flutes never withholds, and if
Polyhymnia shuns never her lyre to tune.
If with poets you place me in the lyric choir,
With my head raised so high, then shall I strike the stars.

HORACE — ODE IV, 1

Intermissa, Venus, diu

Venus, after so long a truce
Now do you move to war? Spare me, I pray, I pray!
I am no longer the man I was
Under sweet Cinara's reign. Cease, cruel mother, cease,
Mother so cruel of tender love,
Trying to sway me at fifty years, who now am unmoved,
Stern to your soft commands; go away,
Go then, go where the flattering prayers of young men recall you.
Fitter to Paullus Maximus
You in your chariot winged by your dazzling swans should hie you;
Gaily to his home go then, go,
If you are seeking a suitable heart to set on fire.
Noble and handsome both is he,
Never at loss for words in front of defendants in trouble;
He is a youth of a hundred skills,
And carries your colors, the flags of your service far and wide;
And when at last he shall have smiled
Triumphant over gifts of lavish rivalry,
Your marble image will he place
Under a cedar close to the lakes of the Alban Hills.
There will you breathe the fragrance of incense
Into your nostrils; you will be charmed by strains of the lyre,
Notes of the Berecyntian flute,
Not forgetting the blended, thin, high piping of reeds;
There in your shrine twice every day
Boys and delicate girls, praising your sacred name
Thrice will strike with the snowy foot,
After the custom of Salian dancers, against the earth.
Woman delights me not, nor boy,
Neither now the trustful hope of mutual love,
Nor do I care to contend in wine,
Neither to wreathe my temples with fresh-cut garlands of spring.
But why, alas! Ligurinus, why
Does this infrequent tear now trickle down my cheek?
Why in the midst of speech do words,
Too little eloquent fall into decorous silence?
Now at night in dreams I hold you
Once again; again I follow your swift-paced flight
Over the grass of the Martian Field,
Hard-hearted one, through waters I follow still, rolling along.

HORACE — ODE IV, 10

O crudelis adhus et Veneris muneribus potens

O still cruel, yes, still! potent with gifts Venus has given you,
When at last to your pride, sudden, the first down of your beard shall come
And those ringlets which now flow down your back finally shall be shorn,
And the flush of your cheek, color which now outvies the Punic rose,
Ligurinus's face, changed in its looks, bristled and rough shall be,
Mirrorwise you will look, saying "Alas!" seeing your altered self,
"Today reason is there; why was it not there while I was yet a boy?
Or, since knowledge has come, where are the fresh, unwrinkled cheeks
of youth?"

Harland Ristau
1804 North 36
Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

HOMAGE
TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

i

Carving the largest thought to smaller stone
involves a world of patient pain,
who graces art, as such, embraces time
in worlds a man must walk alone.

ii

Landor to T. S. Eliot at midnight . . .

Precious, indeed, is thy great land of waste,
hard cut thy word, precise thy learned speech;
but fire is out and ash is for the taste,
While hands, for warmth, in futile gestures reach.

iii

Here lie dead Romantics, cold,
forgotten in their graves;
Byron and Scott and Keats are mold,
names in time-forgotten caves.

New Criticism wobbles on,
a hissing, scratching gander;
it stifles Shelley, pale and wan,
but can't quite bury Landor.

iv

He carved magnificence so slowly and with care
that only those discerning come to live and share.

Rockwell B. Schaefer
1501 Broadway
New York 36, New York

WOOD CUTS

OBEDIENT DAUGHTER

The maid sits in her father's hut
And watches the water buffalo
With his wooden yoke
Being led to plough the nearby marsh.
The barefoot youth
Who shouts with strong impatient voice
Sometimes stops to flick
The droning flies that swarm
Upon the creature's flank
Each morning in the early spring
She sees him swing within the halo
Of the rising sun;
And with her eager eyes
Awaits his slow return
Just as the first star steals
Above the hills.

This noon her father brings
A little bag of silver coins
And rings its cheer upon the bench.
"Your betrothed from beyond the town
Has sent thy marriage price."
At dusk her mother lights the taper wick.
The evening wind brings ringing hoof beats
And the soft rhythm of naked steps
From the dusty road
When the echoes from these dear familiar sounds have died,
From the half open door
She sees the evening star
Above the hills,
But it is blurred and dim.

THE BOOK BURNERS

The old philosopher, uncomfortable
Upon the ancient saddle, sways and bends astride the lagging horse.
The keen young scholar guides them carefully
Along the hilly road.
His clear eyes look beyond the far horizon.
The pack across his shoulders has but little food,
For manuscripts and many books take up the space.
The aged teacher too, has precious scrolls and parchments
In his saddle bags,
But they are all too few . . .
The only ones they could retrieve
From flaming pyres, kindled by the howling mobs
Of frenzied and fanatic fools.

To other towns the learned sage
Will bring his wisdom and his books . . .
To fresh and eager minds
That still are young in thought and kind of heart.

Ryah Tumarkin Goodman
15 Hancock Road
Brookline, Massachusetts

LEAN TENDERLY

When wild canary leafage sings
Of saffron summers, redwood springs,
And yellow petaled nights and days
Are multiplied in honeyed ways,
Lean tenderly on a seedleaf stair
In a sea of lime green air
Twining time into your locks,
Time that softly, gently rocks
All your vehemence to sleep
In a stillness deep.

Caroline Schleef
2 West 67th Street
New York 23, New York

MUSIC'S VOICES
By Astrid Setterwall Ångström

I

I go with beggar's bowl — but I beg you not for bread.
Give me, O pilgrim, laughter, grief, solicitude,
all of yourself that I have right to have!
Please, in my bowl, then let me wander on.
Give what you know of love, and give Life, living,
aye, give to me what to yourself was given!
See, at your foot, already waiting, I did take my place
and raised my bowl — all ready to receive.

II

At twilight and when sunset flames are blazing
I must be on my way, howe'er bewildering.
The snowy mountain solitude is calling.
Its sheer descents, deep gorges, terrifying.
As homeless birds that seek for a night's nesting,
all anxious, step by step, I feel for footing.

But when at last I scale the heights in climbing,
though spent and footsore, lacerated, bleeding,
the vastness over which my eyes can wander
is vaster than the valleys let me ponder.

III

You came toward me from out your loneliness
where I walked lonely over lonely close.
The golden leaves went whirling with the breezes.
And you were nobly born and grown. You glowed,
you stroked my cheek in firm but soft caresses.
You took your bread and broke it sharingly
and wine from out your golden goblet flowed
You took your fiddle, played it joyously.

You minstrel-man! You take my care away!
My soul rejoices when I hear you play.

Margaret Barbrick Purcell
101 North Grand Avenue
Plaza Del Arroyo
Pasadena, California

AT A FLOWER SHOW

Unnamed Seedlings, do you feel
Time move slowly? Do you care
If you have no name to wear?
Is it strange to be a "no-one?"
Or is it quite a lot of fun?
At the flower-show you steal
All the honors, interest too,
Everybody looks at you,
And for one year you are rare.
When at last, your appellation,
Within twelve months, is conferred —
Your cognomen may be fanciful,
An unpronounceable Latin word —
Will you really have more style,
And popularity, for a while?
Anyway, with your designation,
You have reached your destination.

LA SUPLICA

Juan de Baptista? Angelita Marie?
Little new baby, which will you be?

Madre de Guadalupe, look down on me,
Here at your feet, this candle, see,
I pay three centavos, and light it for thee.

I make the tortilla to sell in the square,
And all the hot day I am standing there
Praying inside me as hard as I can
For the muchacho — my little man.

Make him perfect; — well and strong!
But — if he's girl — make her hair gold and long!
Pedro's is black, — and mine is, too.

I place paper holly-hocks, yellow, and blue,
Flowers for the sacred child, little Jésus.

If, Blesséd Lady, you please can do, —
Make my new baby to look — be like you.

Amy Groesbeck
173 East 62nd Street
New York 21, New York

BALLAD OF THE DOVER ROAD

Three men gallop the Dover Road,
Upon each back is a heavy load;
In plague-wracked London a Duke lies dead
Nor recks of gold with his lackeys fled.
The valet gloats as he peeks to see
The Duke's own ring hidden cunningly,
But sharp eyes catch how the diamond flashes
And greed flows scarlet through dagger gashes
(For there's never an end to dying.)

Two men canter the Dover Road,
Side by side with the extra load;
The cook is fat and his beast is spent,
The footman waits with a sure intent.
A jerk on the reins under arching trees
Pitches the horse to its cracking knees
And hurls the cook like a bowl of batter
To smear the highway with loathsome matter
(For there's never an end to dying.)

One man plods on the Dover Road,
Leading a horse with a triple load;
Five leagues farther, a boat for France,
Wenches, wine — like a razored lance
Pain stabs his bowels with cankered force,
He screams and falls while the frightened horse
Rears and the spilled bags burst asunder
To bury felon and plague in plunder
(For there's never an end to dying.)

Joseph Martinek
2931 North Edith Boulevard
Tucson, Arizona

A MONUMENT TO BILLY THE KID

In the Billy the Kid country
The past still is fresh,
Its paws with claws tucked in
Almost petting the present.
If you loiter but little
Behind your time
You may easily catch up
With the decades done,
May fold your fine pressed days
And leave the bundle outside.

But where to find a stepping stone
To cross the line and connect
With the debris of yesterday?
What? No monument here yet
To Billy the Kid?
All preachers and lawmen still
Out of sympathy with the idea
To honor the *muy simpático*
Of our outlaws?

Times change.
Now with the whole globe
Frozen to another frontier
Raw as never before;
With push-buttons opening ajar
Gates to a deluge of death;
With dinosaurs, machine brained,
Again roaming the East and West,
Prairies and steppes,
And snow and sand plains
With Tolstoy, Gandhi and Christ Himself
Exiled to another star,
Why not build
His little monument to Billy?

Build him his modest marker
Of twenty-one stones,
One for each life he took?

Don't pet, don't pet, o past,
With claws softly tucked in
The savage present
With its claws drawn.

John Kirkwood
920½ Country Club
Cheyenne, Wyoming

RETURN

Farewell, my hills,
My retreat is ended.

Broken, I came to you,
Seeking silence,
The balm of silence and aloneness.
Here I hid, fleeing
From love and hate and noise,
From brilliance and stupidity,
From ruthless ambition and laziness,
From callous cruelty and unctuous charity.
Here have I stood on my toes on the heights;
Here I have died a continuing death
In the uttermost depths of despair;
And here I have found quiet and peace
And health in body and mind and spirit.

Now Destiny points
And so I go,
Back to the world of men and work;
But something of me will stay on this hillside,
Conferring benediction on any who pause and love the oaks;
But more of you will go with me.

From the rush of the wind high in the trees,
    I take strength to work;
From the calm of the oaks,
    Courage to endure;
From the stars in a cloudless summer sky,
    Some sense of infinity;
From the surge of life in spring,
    Some sense of eternity.

I have been alone in a tiny world
When fog, creeping up from the river,
Has filled the valleys around me
And turned them into mystic seas under a bright moon;
In the silence
I have heard great music,
And in the solitude
I have come to know that every man is my brother.

And so I go.

Robert W. Clack
209 West Downie Street
Alma, Michigan

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE HSIANG RIVER

By Ch'ü Yüan (332–295 B. C.)

And whom do you wait
Among the whirling mists?
With you I roam the Nine Rivers,
Where fierce winds eddy,
And waves dash aloft.
Let us bathe our heads
In the freshness of the pools;
And dry our hair
On the sunlit slopes;
While we wait for the Beauteous One,
She who still does not deign to come!

I face the whirling blasts
And loudly shout my mad song
Under a canopy of peacock plumes
Edged with kingfishers' feathers;
While you soar through the Nine Heavens.
Darting past the tail of a comet
You grasp it for a sword
To guard the Immortal Maidens.
You, and only you, are fit
To lead our people!

With you I roam the Nine Rivers,
Where fierce winds eddy
And waves dash aloft.
I ride a river chariot
Under an umbrella of lotus pads,
And drawn by twin dragons and hornless serpents.
I scale the mighty hills
And gaze afar —
South, north, west, east:
Over a mighty sea
My spirit speeds.
And as the dusk deepens I sink to sleep,
Dreaming of mansions shingled with fish scales,
Of dragon palaces,
Of halls of pearls!

Great River Spirit!
Why do you abide beneath the waters,
Astride a white tortoise,
Pursuing a carp?

With you I wander among tiny islets,
Where torrents come whirling down the stream.
Humbly you bow toward the sunrise.
And now She approaches,
The Beauteous One!
I escort her
To that fair haven of the South,
Where countless billows wave a welcome;
While myriads of fishes
Bid me adieu!

THE LANCE HEAD

By Tao Kai (Ming Dynasty)

At Ch'ang An peasants plowing in a field
By chance turned up an ancient bronze lance head;
But just when it was cast was not revealed
By characters too weathered to be read!

Some specimens when polished gleam like stars,
But this could not attain that perfect stage;
Its patina was dull and roughed with scars
Of battle-strokes and frost and hoary age.

Little I know of arms, of antiques even less!
This spear repels me with its harsh cold hue.
Deeply I ponder on war's frightfulness;
The misery it brings — so futile, too,

Yet history rates as greatest those who slay
Their harmless neighbors in adjoining states —
And in their turn they suffer the same fates!
While dynasties arise, decline, and fall
Two things remain unaltered: night and day,
And twilight-tinted mists along the Wall!

I take this lance head in my hand, and ask:
Why give the earth's pure essence such a task,
And fashion hateful weapons that destroy,
Instead of sweetly sounding gong or bell,
Or graceful urn, or tool we may enjoy?
Why prostitute the craftsman's hard-won skill
To shape this honest metal just to kill!

How fortunate that your disinterment
Occurred just now, with our domain at peace,
When ancient arms are melted down for hoes!
What joy if peace could be made permanent!
If useless wars and slaughter all would cease,
And swords and lances fall into disuse!

Lisa Stillman Mackey
15 Corte Sereno
San Rafael, California

MEDITATION ON MAN

Man is a huddling creature with a need
For certainties; he walls a cube of air
To shield his candle from the winds of night
While his precarious planet hugely whirls,
Balancing on a chasm-edge of darkness.
Yet man, the timid, the destructible,
Alone of creatures has unquenchable thirst
To learn and know. He delves with painful toil
Into the dim arcana of the past,
And peers into the deepening depths of night
Where clusters of the farthest galaxies
Spiral in unimaginable fire
Expanding, racing into limitless void
Where thought is shattered out of sanity.
How can his tight small skull, his slender bones
Withstand the staggering impact of this wonder:
The drowned abyss, the unbelievable deeps
Where space and time are one? The coiling brain
Is stretched beyond endurance, wrenched and torn
By stunned foreboding of unending space,
And bursts like deep-sea fishes brought to air
In the sharp ether of eternity.

Familiar certainties are swept away,
And man himself dissolves into an atom
Caught on the fringes of the universe.
But mark that atom! You may hold a skull
Solid and actual between your hands,
Observing where the grooved and sensitive brain
Had its abode. Yet in the whitened bones
Nothing remains to tell the measuring eye
How a soft animal lump of grayish matter,
Fused with the darting and insatiable mind,
Can wrest reluctant secrets from the skies
And dare to postulate infinity.
That supreme fusion! There's the miracle —
Mysterious as shimmering galaxies,
So commonplace that one forgets to marvel —
That blends the surge of man's incredible spirit
With the vast swing and rhythm of the stars.

NOTHING MORE

There are no unused words to tell of grief
And constant handling wears the old ones thin;
The same sharp outburst utters disbelief
And all the world's laments are much akin.
I say this pale wax image is not you
And plead for your return to life and breath,
Crying my hurt as countless others do
Who storm against the one-way gate of death.

Yet though the fumbled words are smooth and old,
The thrust of pain cuts jaggedly, bone-deep,
That your responsive hands have grown so cold,
Their strength surrendered to unwaking sleep;
And there is nothing more for words to say:
You came — I loved you — you have gone away.

Marion L. Kennish
10 Greenwood Court
Utica 3, New York

GLADS

Sing praises unto God for quiet days,
For smiles and kindly words that mark our ways,
For gladioli brought to me this morning,
Their gorgeous colors everywhere adorning;
Fringed cups, cerise and purple, white and gold,
A mass of splendor as their blooms unfold;
Up green stalks clustering, climbing till they bend,
Their smallest buds unopened at the end.
Each day I'll tend them cutting off the dead,
Poor faded flowers whose beauty has been shed.
Sigh not for them, their joy was in the giving,
New buds are opening, colorful and living.
And though the smallest buds will bloom and fade,
I'll praise God for the picture that they made.

Rebecca Richmond
P. O. Box 1094
Chautauqua, New York

"NOT MARBLE . . . "

I dedicate this tree to Sylvia,
A beech tree, tall companion of our house.
It shields us from the heat and from the storm
And asks no favor for these offices,
This spreading of affection over us.
The fiber of its heart is straight, close, firm,
Its bark a silver armor; no mean thing
Nor gross can worry it, or penetrate
And ream a scar. Unfolding leaves in spring,
Transparent as enamel in the light,
Grow dark and bountiful for summer birds
To build their nests in. This tree loves and guards
New tender life. The leaves bronzed by October,
Though beaten by the wind, keep their tight hold.
The beach tree is a lady, not to be
Made sport of, to be frightened or cajoled
By any weather. In their proper time
Deliberate leaves will fall. Then we can see
The boughs in pure symmetrical design.
Then only can we surely comprehend
Its fundamental beauty and its strength.
To Sylvia I dedicate this tree.

Sue Abbott Boyd
5318 Summit Road
Fort Smith, Arkansas

SMALL SPROUT

Tell me, as you look at me with the small
seas
That are your eyes, (and my own mirrors),
Why I cannot follow you to far places.
I could be discreet and cautious
Breathing the very air you exhale,
And I could be content to be
One small sprout, strong and up-springing
In the field of your virtue.

Robert J. Richardson
4403 Walnut Street
Route 1
Soquel, California

ENSNARED

On hearing Debussy's "Les Sirènes"

Long have they suffered from the weary oar
In brazen calms, and often have they strained
To clear a headland when the wind was up.
Long have they suffered, all uncomforted
By warmth of circling arms and soft, young cheek
Against a salty beard.

God's mercy, then,
On life's unwary voyagers who glimpse,
Through melting mist of some incredible
Sea-dawn, white forms upon a rock; and hear,
Not wind in sails and rigging, but a choir
Of treble voices amorously sad,
That call each lonely mariner by name
The helmsman leaves his post, and one more ship
Is lost in toils of shimmering deceit.

At low tide down the rock the Sirens come,
And with the ornaments the dead men wear
Trick out their pearly limbs and golden hair.

Marguerite George
530 West 113th Street
New York 25, New York

JOUST

In your castle-mind
thoughts are armored knights
and jousting for their spurs
strike a mortal blow. . . .

Your words came storming
my citadel and drawbridge down
invaded my yielding acres,
swarmed against my tower.

Watching from my turret
I saw your asking hands
raise a white truce
and I surrendered.

Edith Schneck
1353 Appleton Way
Venice, California

RUMMAGE SALE

Pipkins, frustrated wallets,
old fripperies
rescued from scrap bag of memories,
cat cudgelled poetry tomes
peddled 5¢ pound.

Jabbering hags
scrounging through odorous rag piles,
miser's eyeballs ablaze
anticipating bargains.
Menials measuring, sizing
moth smutch'd pants.

Society sisters
caucusing over cash at checkout counter.

Together: fat wash bundle
dumped in life's laundry,
scalded, spun
stretched on poverty's line.

Victors jostling out
with objects d'art, rubbage from scrimmage.

Hurrah for exultation of lowly!

Mae Winkler Goodman
17630 Lomond Boulevard
Cleveland 20, Ohio

MUSINGS FROM A CEMETERY

Now that we both are dead what does it matter
That you outlived me by a year or two?
The grass above my grave is none the better,
Your stone no brighter for its being new.
Moles may burrow through our commingled dust
And never know how once it bore a name;
The palings on the gate will turn to rust,
No more than we impervious to time.

The dates upon our headstones have been chiselled
By one whose name shall grace another stone,
And even that one will be surely levelled,
Fused with the grass and the anonymous bone;
No matter what the distance he has travelled
Each lies at last together, and alone.

Margaret Abbott
508 Charles Street
East Lansing, Michigan

KINDRED

The safe heart hides itself alone,
Nor marries griefs to weight its own,
Nor ventures far to sue for joy,
But shrinks from all the stern alloy
Stirred in with bliss.

The brave heart dares to challenge life,
To equalize with peace the strife
That threatens each security;
The perquisites of charity
It would not miss.

Safe heart, brave heart, each to final port
Must come; companioned, or the lonely sort,
The end's the same. Death, the wedded mate
Of birth, the capital of finite state,
Keeps synthesis.

Plowden Kernan
158 South Pennsylvania Avenue
Atlantic City, New Jersey

SUMMER CONCERT

Stand in topmost seat. Look down on music lovers
Seated in their semi-circled rows.
The amphitheatre with columns all around
Might well be part of some old London courtyard print
With shadows lingering on a distant wall
Tinting rounded oriels and turrets gray and tall.

Below the stirring orchestra plays "Transfigured Night,"
And throbbing strings rise in symphonic sound.
A late arrival hurries in through quiet ticket gates
An old habitué greets him with whispered friendly word,
His program is courteously passed along.

A girl in red leans closer to her lover's quick caress.
To harp accompaniment there comes the 'cello's cry.
A plane roars over in obliviousness
Its wing lights flashing in the evening sky.

Then intermission, cokes and chewing gum;
Crowds surge on aisles repeating their delight.
A serious student frowns, a constant hum
Of conversation fills the summer night.
Lights dim. The Maestro taps with his baton
Silence; the music flows serenely on.

OOKFELLOW NOTES: — MAGAZINES

• *The New York Pen Woman,* nonrofit publication of the N.Y.C. branch f the National League of the American en Women. Poems, condensed prose reprints only) and news. Address all ss. and communications to Mary Barara Reinmuth, 140 East 40th Street, lew York 16, New York. Subscripion 50¢ an issue; $2 for four.

• *The Miscellaneous Man,* a quarterly terary magazine — poetry, stories, esys. $2.75 for 4 issues. 2014 Bancroft Vay, Berkeley 4, California.

• *Arena,* a literary magazine, edited by I. F. Hoggard. Quarterly. Editorial ddress: P. O. Box 6188, Te Aro, Wellngton, New Zealand. Agents in New ork: Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th treet, American News Company, 131 arick Street.

• *Departure,* a magazine of literature nd the arts. Editors, Roger Lonsdale nd John McGrath. Published three mes a year; 35¢ an issue. Contribions welcomed. $1 a year. Send poetry, rose, criticism with stamped envelope, r International Reply Coupon (from broad) to the editors at Lincoln Colge, Oxford.

• *Essence,* edited and published semiannually by Joseph Payne Brennan, 55 rumbull Street, New Haven 10, Conecticut. 25¢ copy; 50¢ year.

• *The Fiddlehead.* Published quarterly y the Bliss Carman Society of Fredericon, New Brunswick, Canada. Send nss. to Fred Cogswell, 495 Regent treet, Fredericton; subscriptions ($2) o A. Robert Rogers, Bonar Law-Benett Library, Fredericton. Please make checks or money orders payable to The Bliss Carman Poetry Society.

• *Listen,* a review of poetry and criticism, edited by George Hartley. All mss. and subscriptions to The Editor, *Listen,* The Marvell Press, 253 Hull Road, Hessle, East Yorkshire, England. In U. K. 2/2 single copy, 8/– annual, post free; in U. S. A. 50¢ single; $2. Send foreign subscriptions in the form of International Money Orders.

• *Outposts,* edited by Howard Sergeant, and published by Outposts Publications, 209 East Dulwich Grove, Dulwich Village, London, S.E. 22, England. 6s/85¢ four consecutive issues; 1s8d/25¢ single copy.

• *Quicksilver,* a quarterly magazine of poetry. Editors: Grace Ross, Mabel M. Kuykendall. 4429 Foard Street, Fort Worth 5, Texas. Subscription $2.50 year; 65¢ copy. Special offer to subscribers and contributors, 2 extra copies for $1.

• *Mutiny,* a series of poets and painters. Issue one: Seven Spiders, poems by Jane Esty, drawings by Paul Lett. Order through: Mutiny Press, Box 41, Village Station, New York 14, New York. 50¢ copy.

• *The Graduate Student of English,* a quarterly, first issue to appear in Fall 1957. One year's subscription $1, to University Station, Box 4050, Minneapolis 14, Minnesota. Will contain brief critical articles, discussions of problems of beginning teachers, information about teaching positions, annotated bibliographies in relevant literary

subjects, emphasis will be on experiment, query, suggestion.

• *Statement,* a journal of creative and critical expression. Published by the Associated Students of Los Angeles State College, 5280 Gravois, Los Angeles 32, California, 50¢. (Vol. 10, Spring 1957, Frank Jansson, editor).

BOOKS

• Grace Oakes Burton, *Sonnets & Songs of My Heart.* Vantage Press, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1, N. Y., 1957. $2.50. Lyrical verse gathered over a period of years from *The Grade Teacher, Educational Forum,* and an earlier volume, *Songs of My Heart,* by a school teacher and poet.

• Alma Paschall. *Horizons,* Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas, 1957. Brief inspirational lyric verses from *The Columbus Dispatch, Westminster Magazine, The Step Ladder* and elsewhere. Send to author, 234 Rosewood Avenue, Springfield, Ohio, for a copy.

• Schiller Scroggs. *I Believe and other Poems,* 1957. A collection of poems, published by the author, 102 South Redwood Drive, Stillwater, Oklahoma. Printed by offset, plastic spiral bound, the volume contains verses from *New Athenaeum, Scimitar & Song* and *The Wisconsin Poetry Magazine.*

• J. Phoenice. *Light Fall.* The Guild Press, Crayke, York, England. (No. 17 in The Guild Poets Series). 60¢ post free. A new Bookfellow, Miss Phoenice shows skill, sympathy and a delightful lyrical talent.

• *Writer's Market,* published by Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio. $4.50. 1957 volume is the 15th edition, gives 3,000 names and addresses where writers and photographers can sell their stories, plays, books and photographs, shows how to prepare manuscripts for publication and what payment to expect. Every listing cross-indexed.

• Eugene Grossenheider, *Songs of the Free World.* Copyright 1957 by the author, 3645 Cleveland Ave., St. Louis, Missouri. $1. Songs to be sung, about patriotism, soldiers, liberty.

• Daisy Marsh Macfarlane, *Waves in Wind-Bent Grass,* and other poems. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 W. 31 Street, New York. 1957. $2. From a childhood in Oklahoma territory, and a later life as schoolteacher, housewife, mother and grandmother, come these lyric, nostalgic, evergreen poems.

Corinne Sherman, for her poem "November Spring", wins the first prize this year in the third annual Jeanette Glover Campbell poetry contest. The contest, sponsored and judged by an anonymous donor, is open to all poets appearing in each volume of *The Step Ladder.* In the fortieth volume just concluded, Sara King Carleton was judged second for her "Moving West" and in the running till the very end were "Last Stand" by Anna M. Priestley and "Black River" by Joan Angevine Swift. To the winners go checks and the editor's congratulations; best wishes to Mrs. Priestley and Mrs. Swift; and to all Bookfellows a cordial invitation to try again next year.

THE STEP LADDER CONTRIBUTORS FOR SUMMER 1957

Annie P. Thomas	1	Summer Night — New York
Colby Cleveland	2-3	The Dream and the Dissolution
	4	December 31, 11:59
	4	Without Apology
	5	Morning Hymn
Frances Angevine Gray	5	Blue Windows
Myla Jo Closser	6	Hands
	6	Anachronism
Bonnie E. Parker	7	Rivers of Wind
	7	Consequence
Douglas R. Empringham	8-9	Dawn on the Window
Bernice Ames	10	At the Far Edge of Sleep
	11	Regional Map
Burton C. Frye	12	The Day I Found the Medallion
Ross Ridge	12	Marcus Aurelius
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